COVERUPS!

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WHO WAS REALLY IN OSWALD'S GRAVE? *Part 3*

by Gary Mack

Within days of the 1981 exhumation, conflicting reports surfaced about the written and visual records of the new examination. Some believed the photos and videotapes would be destroyed, others thought they'd be kept for one year before a decision would be made. A few, including myself, suggested to Marina they be safeguarded forever, because word of any destruction would ultimately get out and the resulting doubts and questions could overshadow other issues.

Even though Michael Eddowes paid all expenses, the material is believed to be the property of Marina; however, to this day it is not in her possession. And, despite repeated requests, none has been returned.

In the summer of 1982, after having no success initiating a low-key investigation, I thought about going straight to Marina. Unlike researchers who are convinced she's in on the coverup, I believe Marina is just what she's always claimed: a Russian girl who fell in love with an American.

Unfortunately, she had made it clear in interviews that the exhumation question was over and her only goal was returning to a "normal" life. So instead of relating the story to her, I spoke with her friend of several years, John Cullins.

Cullins, a police officer and security guard, is a neighbor of Marina. His father has been sheriff of Rockwall County, which includes Marina's home. He has been, perhaps, overly protective and is one of many who've suggested she keep a low profile during the many "revelations" of recent years.

I knew John had been present for both the exhumation and reautopsy, so without mentioning Paul Groody or Alan Baumgardner, I told him that two trained observers had seen no evidence of a craniotomy on the exhumed skull.

But Cullins was not impressed, mostly because I wouldn't reveal their names and partially, I think, because he didn't fully comprehend the significance of an *intact* skull. Yet his skepticism vanished when the story became public on WFAA Radio and I was finally able to tell him my sources.

Cullins said Marina was not aware of this new controversy and he would not tell her about it until he had a chance to review the videotapes. Although they were not in his possession, he did have access to them and quickly got a look in early December 1982.

The entire examination had been videotaped with professional equipment, but the first 30 minutes of the 3½ hour study are not in color. A few seconds were not recorded as completed tapes were replaced.

The body remained in the rotted coffin until Dr. Linda Norton decided that comparison X-rays could not be taken unless the skull was removed. In clear view of the closeup camera, nine snips to the rotted muscle was all that was needed.

Decayed skin and matter was brushed off the skull, leaving a clear, unobstructed view of the bone. Some skin remained on the forehead, the top front of the skull, and in very small patches on both sides. According to Cullins, who studied portions of the the tapes, there was no discernible sign of a cut or mark anywhere on the skull. In his opinion, based on the closeup views, the cut was so narrow it couldn't be seen, or there was no cut at all and the body was not that of the man killed by Jack Ruby. Cullins' family physician, the only medically qualified person to view the tapes, agreed completely.

Two events during the examination strengthened the possibility of a switch. Once the skull was removed, it rested on a small mount on a metal tray. At one point a doctor picked it up and held the skull upside down directly in front of the camera. Since the skullcap had not been glued or clamped on, it should have fallen off—but it didn't. Later, someone bumped into the table, knocking the skull off the mount. Even after bouncing around on the metal tray, the skullcap remained fully intact.

After explaining the story to Marina, she and Cullins started their own investigation. One of the first calls went to Dr. Linda Norton, who in 18 months had changed jobs from Dallas to Birmingham to San Antonio. Norton had received permission from Marina to keep the X-rays and still photographs so she could write a report for the Journal of Forensic Science.

In the late January 1983 phone call, Norton said she and her colleagues were finishing the report and it would be published in the November issue. She repeated that the craniotomy was visible and "we noted if for the record." And then a very strange thing happened. When Marina asked her to return the pictures, Norton reportedly replied "What pictures?"

Cullins, who had been quietly listening on another phone, was furious. He had held the three rolls of exposed 35mm black and white film at the hospital, had watched the photographer taking pictures and had heard the clicks of the shutter on the videotape. Norton apologized, saying she had not understood which pictures Marina was referring to. She promised to mail them, with the negatives, immediately. Three months later they had not arrived and Cullins has not recontacted her. He did learn from another doctor that she had recently passed some

of the pictures around at a medical convention. At last word, Norton was planning to take another job in Dallas sometime this month.

Most of the photos, over 100 in all, are closeups and extreme closeups of the skull, particularly the mastoid hole. Unless the pictures were poorly exposed, they should show far more detail than the videotapes. Their only drawback is that 18 months is plenty of time to alter both pictures and negatives; the tapes, however, would be virtually impossible to change without noticeable defects.

According to Cullins, Norton expressed surprise over the existence of the tapes, as if she had forgotten about them. But she had learned of them by telephone from a Mr. Bright, who said he was a reporter for the Hearst Corporation. Because of some phrases Norton repeated, I have reason to believe Bright may actually be New York researcher Jones Harris; or, if Bright really exists, he may have gotten his information from Harris. Regardless of the source, that phone call tipped off Norton that a controversy was building.

Sharp, clear pictures showing the craniotomy cut could quickly end this controversy, but Norton's apparent withholding of that evidence seems very strange. Even more disturbing is her statement to Cullins that they had seen the cranial cut and had noted it for the record. Again according to Cullins, no such statement is heard on the tapes, although numerous "for the record" remarks by Norton are clearly audible. In fact, Cullins says Norton was surprised to learn that the tapes have an audio track and everything said above a whisper can be heard.

The official record, of course, was made by a court reporter. I contacted Jerry Pittman, Marina's attorney at that time, who said the original notes were still in the reporter's possession and had never been typed up. He agreed to ask her to search the notes for any reference to a craniotomy or any similar observation. She found none.

Next month, a second look at the tapes and a newly discovered connection between Army Intelligence and Rose Hill Cemetery.

FWST 4-3-83

CIA loses secrecy on JFK data

Washington Post News Service

WASHINGTON — A federal court judge has rejected an extraordinary effort by the CIA to keep secret thousands of documents concerning the House Assassinations Committee's investigation of the slaying of President Kennedy.

Most of the records were CIA documents about the 1963 assassination that were compiled long before the House committee was created. But the CIA had argued that they were transformed into "congressional records" once the committee looked at them and that they were, as a result, beyond the reach of the Freedom of Information Act.

U.S. District Court Judge Thomas A. Flannery turned down the contention last month in a 21-page ruling that emphatically dismissed what he called "the highly attenuated" claim.

Such records, the judge said, "cannot, under any reasoning, become congressional through the mere fact of congressional review." In fact, he said, "these documents never left the possession of the agency, but were reviewed by the committee at CIA headquarters." Beyond that, Flannery observed, a large group of the records, although requested by the Assassinations Committee, were never reviewed by the committee staff.

The decision was handed down in a lawsuit brought by Mark Allen, a Kennedy assassination researcher, who won a similar victory against the FBI last fall from U.S. District Court Judge June Green. Flannery's ruling applies to more than 200,000 pages of CIA records, although the agency has indicated it will continue to keep many of them secret under the Freedom of Information Act's "national security" exemption.

The FBI has started processing more than 300,000 pages of Kennedy assassination records that it provided the House committee during the

The attempt to keep the documents automatically locked up as congressional records for 50 years was devised in 1979 by Rep. Louis Stokes, D-Ohio, chairman of the now-defunct Assassinations Committee, and the committee's former chief counsel, G. Robert Blakey. They asked the CIA, the Justice Department and other executive branch agencies not to release any of the materials churned up by the House investigation "without the written concurrence of the House of Representatives." The CIA embraced the idea.

Flannery held that any letters, reports or other records that the committee generated were entitled to continued secrecy as congressional documents, but that was all. He said executive branch records "created in response to congressional requests" as well as pre-existing documents were still subject to the law.

Baltimore Sun 4-6-83

Suit to find evidence of plot on Kennedy murder rejected

4/6/83

By Lyle Denniston
Washington Bureau of The Sun (Staff)

Washington — A federal court yesterday ordered an end to an author's 13-year lawsuit seeking proof that the official probe of President John Kennedy's assassination was a "whitewash" and a "coverup."

The U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals turned down demands by Harold Weisberg of Frederick, Md., that the FBI look further for documents dealing with scientific tests of evidence from the Kennedy murder in Dallas almost 20 years ago.

The FBI, the court declared, "has carried its burden of showing it has taken all reasonable steps to find the materials Weisberg has requested."

In fact, the court added, the FBI "has in many instances been unquestionably generous in its efforts to assist Weisberg's investigation."

The court also refused to order the FBI to make additional tests on evidence bearing on the assassination.

Its ruling threw out the original lawsuit that Mr. Weisberg filed in 1970 to get scientific evidence. That, however, is not the last of his legal efforts to get data from the FBI. He has pending a separate lawsuit seeking all FBI files on the assassination from the bureau.

Mr. Weisberg has been one of the most active of a group of persistent critics of the official conclusion that Mr. Kennedy was assassinated by Lee Harvey Oswald, acting alone.

San Francisco Chronicle
Wed., April 6, 1983

He'd Had Enough

Court Denies Author JFK Murder Data

Washington

The U.S. Court of Appeals upheld yesterday a lower court ruling that the FBI is not obliged to furnish author Harold Weisberg with additional information on the assassination of President John Kennedy.

"This court has bent over backwards to ensure that Weisberg have a reasonable opportunity to develop his case against the FBI," the appeals court said.

"We have sorted through the mass of Weisberg's contentions, in many instances with more care than he has demonstrated in making them," it continued. "At long last, we are convinced that the government has carried its burden. . . . We therefore bring this long and difficult litigation to a close."

Weisberg, author of six books on the Kennedy assassination, filed suit in 1970 under the Freedom of Information Act. The court of appeals noted that it had already considered various aspects of Weisberg's suit three times.

"We find that the government has finally proven the adequacy of its search for all documents Weisberg has requested," the three-judge panel said in a 38-page opinion.

Weisberg contended that the FBI destroyed or withheld evidence that would show Lee Harvey Oswald did not act alone in shooting Kennedy on Nov. 22, 1963, in Dallas.

The court said there was an indication of FBI foot-dragging before Congress strengthened the Freedom of Information Act in 1974. But since then "the FBI has in many instances been unquestionably generous in its effort to assist Weisberg's investigation," the court said.

Associated Press

AN AUTOPSIED SKULL IS IN TWO PIECES; WHY WASN'T OSWALD'S? By Jack White

During our year-long consideration of the best way to bring the Oswald exhumation "cranial problem" to public attention, Gary Mack and I had many discussions regarding descriptions of the skull as reported by Groody, Baumgardner, and several other observers.

Gary developed a habit of referring to their comments as their "not seeing a *line* or *mark* which could be *interpreted* as showing the craniotomy."

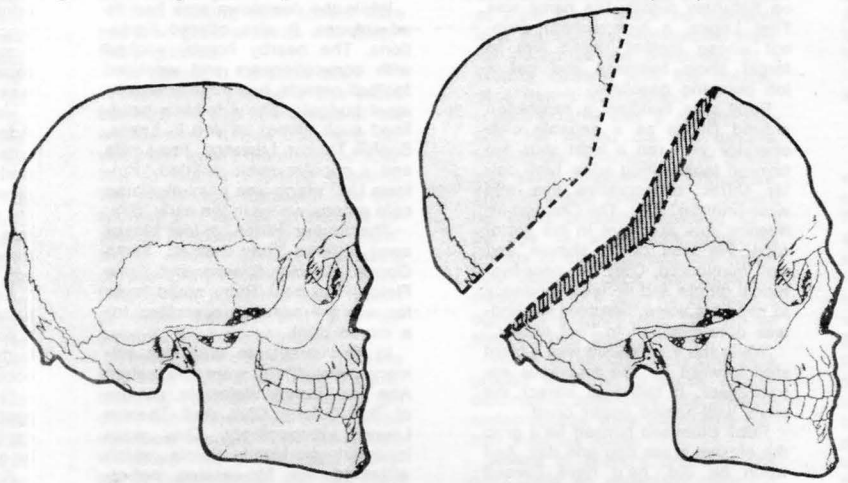
I frequently corrected Gary, insisting that a cranial operation to remove the brain is not a line or mark! It is a separating cut (just as you would saw a board in two pieces) made by a special high-speed electrical saw which saws the calvarium (skull bone) completely through to sufficient depth which will separate the bone without damage to brain tissue underneath. The scalp is peeled away temporarily and the cut is made from the external occipital protruberance to a point just above each ear; from a forehead point at about the hairline another cut is made which joins the first cut at an angle of about 130 degrees in the temporal areas.

I discussed the craniotomy with a doctor-friend of mine who did a large amount of his residency assisting with autopsies in Washington, D.C.; he assured me that the skull would definitely be in two parts, and in no way could fuse back together after death, and that after 18 years of decomposition, the "skullcap" portion of the cranium should have been lying in the casket as a completely separate piece! Even a casual layman observer would notice this immediately, according to the doctor.

Yet no observer told of a skull in two parts!

On the other hand, photos and videotapes show it in *one* piece! (see Gary's Part 3 this issue). At one point during the examination, the skull actually bounced around in a tray on the examining table, yet remained one solid piece of bone. And Alan Baumgardner, who helped put the remains into the body bag for reburial, is certain it was one solid skull.

Because a picture will help the layman understand what a major discrepancy this is, I have prepared this drawing showing the way the exhumed skull looked (left) and the way it should have looked (right).



SKULL WITHOUT AUTOPSY SKULL WITH AUTOPSY CRANIOTOMY

©1983 FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 27, 1983

FBI to guard rights, chief says

WASHINGTON (AP) — FBI Director William H. Webster pledged today that the constitutional rights of dissenters will be protected despite the bureau's new powers to spy on domestic political groups.

"While the guidelines allow us greater flexibility during the early stages of an investigation, they do not alter our clearly stated obligation to respect constitutional safeguards reflected especially in the First Amendment," Webster told a House subcommittee.

The new powers are contained in looser guidelines for FBI domestic security investigations which Attorney General William French Smith issued on March 7. Webster has ordered his agents to interpret the guidelines narrowly.

Webster said today the FBI will not attempt to stifle "constitutionally protected advocacy of unpopular ideas or lawful political dissent."

However, he added, "It must be made clear to our agents that statements which taken in context present a credible threat of crime should not be ignored.

"As a practical matter, FBI agents are seldom confronted with words alone," Webster said.

Rep. Don Edwards, D-Calif., chairman of the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights, called the guidelines a "rather dismaying change."

Edwards also said he had received a petition with 10,000 signatures opposing any weakening of the Freedom of Information Act. Sponsors were afraid to send the petition to the Justice Department because of the new guidelines, Edwards said.

"In all sincerity, they are scared to send it over, so they sent it to this subcommittee instead," he told Webster. He said the signers feared that "their opposition to an official governmental policy will now become part of some intelligence file, to be used they know not when or how or why."

U.S. District Judge Susan Getzendanner has permanently barred the FBI from carrying out in Chicago its new authority to open "full investigations" of public statements allegedly advocating crimes.

On March 17, Webster sent all FBI offices a teleprinter message ordering agents to interpret the new powers narrowly. Edwards and Getzendanner have seen the teleprinter message.

Webster's message, which was sent after protests over the new guidelines began, has received no public attention until now.

Because of Webster's narrow instructions, Getzendanner decided not to block other provisions of the new guidelines immediately but scheduled a June hearing on whether they should be banned.

Smith's guidelines replaced those issued during the Ford administration by Attorney General Edward Levi to prevent abuses uncovered by Congress.

Webster said the new guidelines would improve the bureau's ability "to detect violence before it occurs."

DMN 4-20-83

Kennedy won't speak in Dallas, Fraser says

Associated Press

DETROIT — Sen. Edward Kennedy has declined to speak at the United Auto Workers convention next month in Dallas because of traumatic memories about his brother's assassination there, UAW president Douglas Fraser says.

Fraser quoted Kennedy Monday as saying that he had not set foot in Dallas since President John F. Kennedy was slain by Lee Harvey Oswald on Nov. 22, 1963.

"He made a point of the fact that this year would be the 20th anniversary of the assassination," Fraser said.

No replacement for Kennedy at the Dallas convention has been chosen, Fraser said, adding, "We understand why he would rather not (speak there)."

Kennedy, D-Mass., indicated no ill feelings toward Texas or Dallas in declining the UAW invitation, Fraser said.

JACK RUBY:

THE MAN BEHIND THE 10-YEAR MYSTERY OF JOHN F. KENNEDY'S ASSASSINATION

By "Tony" Zoppi

Coronet 11-73

HSCA JFK Document 013584

IN ALL PROBABILITY, the most ludicrous sight in Dallas that April night in 1953, was the perdurable buffoon onstage at Bob Wills' Ranch House. His borrowed cowboy outfit was incongruous with the hawk nose, balding dome and furtive eyes. His mundane attempts at humor were largely ignored by the meager crowd which huddled in the rustic ballroom, less than a mile from the Dallas Book Depository —a landmark which was destined to figure prominently in the peripatetic emcee's life a decade later.

"Who's the shit-kicker?" I asked.

"Jack Ruby from Chicago," said Matty Brescia, a publicist for Gordon McLendon's old Liberty Network. "He's harmless."

By now, the self-appointed master of ceremonies was introducing "celebrities" in the audience. Groping for adjectives, he struggled to acquaint the ringsiders with a buxom stripper, a local police character and this writer—night club editor of The Dallas Morning News at the time.

His theatrical chores accomplished, Ruby came by our table and asked if I knew his friend—Irv Kupcinet of the Chicago Sun-Times. He also indicated he was on intimate terms with Dave (Dingy) Halper, who owned the famed Chez Paree in Chicago. Years later, I was to learn neither Kup nor Halper could remember meeting Jack. Even then, fantasizing was a way of life with Ruby.

That casual meeting was the start of a 15-year friendship with the man who would eventually kill Lee Harvey Oswald, alleged assassin of President John F. Kennedy. The impulsive act has earned him a paragraph or two in history. Knowing Jack, he would settle for that.

Down deep, he would have preferred some sign of recognition from one of the Kennedys—however meager. But, until the day Ruby was carted out of Parkland Hospital feet first, no member of the family acknowledged his impetuous attempt to avenge the murder of "my beloved president."

William Manchester's novel — "The Death of A President"—which bore Mrs. Kennedy's verbal imprimatur, summarily dismissed Ruby as a publicity seeker. They were dead wrong.

* * *

Ruby was part owner of the Silver Spur, a hole-in-the-wall bistro on South Ervay Street in a decaying section of Dallas. His sister, Eva Grant, had opened the place months prior to his arrival from Chicago, and it earned them a modest living.

The Spur catered to a hard-drinking clientele which included assorted hoods whose violence fluctuated with the amount of alcohol they absorbed. Most of them were itching for a fight when sober. The liquor they toted in paper sacks would soon serve as a catalyst for an ensuing brawl.

Jack feared none of them and never lost a decision. His most memorable fight involved a boozed-up tough who was whipping two city policemen outside the Spur. Ruby, who had a strange affinity for cops, jumped in and settled the fight in favor of law and order. The brawl cost him half a finger, and won him a measure of respect from the Dallas Police Department.

Branching out, Ruby opened the Vegas Club in the more affluent Oak Lawn area. Joe Johnson's instrumental combo attracted sizable crowds with a new kind of music which was attracting a strong following in Dallas. It was called rock 'n roll. Significantly, Johnson was one of the first blacks to be feature in a Dallas night club. Equally significant, in retrospect, was the gregarious Mexican singer-guitarist who was an extra added atrraction on Saturday nights. His name was Trini Lopez, a high school dropout whose mother urged him to forget show business and get a job pumping gasoline.

Ruby was building a reputation around Dallas as a capable club operator who ran a tight ship. He favored loose-fitting suits, high collar shirts, conservative ties and wide-brimmed hats. The Chicago influence was apparent in his wardrobe. He was clean shaven and well manicured. Only his near-hysterical giggle and nervous tendency to raise his voice, betrayed his endless determination to "act classy."

While the Vegas Club was a giant step forward for the ambitious entrepreneur, it failed to attract the city's well-heeled upper crust.

Ruby promised himself he'd grab the elusive brass ring one day. And when he did, he'd have himself the kind of club he dreamed about —a "class joint."

* * *

The opportunity presented itself sooner than he had anticipated. The Sovereign Club, across from the staid Hotel Adolphus in the heart of the downtown area, was one flight up over a thriving delicatessen.

The grandiose decor — scarlet carpet, bright gold fixtures and mirrored walls—suited Jack's plebeian tastes perfectly. He decided upon a relatively sedate entertainment policy which would feature a marvelous black vocalist named Jewel Brown, backed by the inevitable piano, bass and drums.

There were two kinds of clubs in Dallas—public and private. The latter, which charged an initiation fee and monthly dues, enabled members to purchase mixed drinks. The public places sold soft beverages and people brought their liquor in paper bags. It was a way of life in all of Texas. Consequently, people in vicuna and minks, thought nothing of walking down Main Street with two wrinkled sacks in hand—one for Scotch, the other bourbon.

The Sovereign was a private club,

Author "Tony" Zoppi interviews Jack Ruby in Dallas courtroom. At far right is attorney Melvin Belli. Standing over Ruby is another attorney, Sam Brody.

Membership was limited to anyone able to stand on his or her own two feet and pay monthly dues. Ruby maintained an unwritten rule which dated back to the Silver Spur: no law enforcement agent could pay a check. Several cops dated his waitresses.

While the downtown area had its advantages, it also offered limitations. The nearby hotels, packed with conventioneers and weekend football crowds, had huge entertainment budgets. The Adolphus headlined such names as Joe E. Lewis, Sophie Tucker, Liberace, Ted Lewis and a popular revue entitled "Bottoms Up" which was revolutionizing cafe entertainment in the early '60's.

The Statler Hilton, a few blocks away, offered Tony Bennett, Eydie Gorme, Shecky Greene and Totie Fields. The best Ruby could hope for was the overflow searching for a mixed drink.

In the immediate area, his primary competitors were the astute Abe and Barney Weinstein, owners of the Colony Club and Theatre Lounge, respectively. They were landmark burlesque joints which attracted the fun-seeking out-of-towners who wouldn't be seen dead at a strip show back home in staid East Texas. The celebrated Candy Barr was a perennial headliner at Abe's Colony and raven-haired Nikki Joye topped the bill at Barney's lounge.

Candy left Dallas following her arrest on what many believed to be a trumped up marijuana possession charge. She went to Los Angeles and became an overnight sensation at the Largo Club. Her boyfriend, the notorious Mickey Cohen, hired Melvin Belli to handle her case. It was Belli's introduction to presiding Judge Joe Brown. They would meet again years later when Belli headed Ruby's legal team and Brown would sit in judgement of the case.

Eventually, Candy was sentenced to a 15-year term in Texas State Prison for Women.

Nikki, who worked in Candy's shadow for many years, was a dedicated stripper who would have won the admiration of a Vince Lombardi. She always put 110 per cent effort into her act. So absorbed was she in her volcanic dance routines that she shattered cartilages in both knees, necessitating surgery similar to that performed on Joe Namath.

* * *

Ruby beat a steady path to my office in a never-ending search for column plugs. Especially memorable was the night a British duke and duchess visited the Sovereign to catch Jewel's act. Jack was ecstatic when he came by to convey the information. He was halfway convinced he was becoming Dallas' answer to the El Morocco's John Perona. At any rate, the Sovereign was acquiring class.

Jerry Vale was opening at the Adolphus, and I escorted his lovely wife, Rita, to the premiere. An elderly man and his child were seated directly across the floor from us. He waved to Rita, who told me he was a member of the Boston underworld—a mustache. She referred to him as "Mr. Brown."

Late in his act, Jerry approached Brown's table and sang a poignant Napolitan ballad. Brown buried his head in a napkin and sobbed softly.

"His wife was one of Jerry's biggest fans before she died," Rita explained. "That was her favorite song."

Following the show, we were introduced and Brown asked where we could get a mixed drink and see a show. I suggested the Sovereign, across the street. He put his youngster to bed and joined us in a matter of minutes.

Like so many people on the fringe of show business, Jack displaced an almost ingenuous admiration for entertainers. He beamed when Vale entered the club and escorted us to a ringside table. It became immediately apparent who was in charge.

"Give these to the singer and the band," said Brown, peeling two $100 bills from a large roll, "and split this between the waiter and the bartender," he said, handing Jack another C-note.

Ruby recognized the authority in the old man's speech and nodded with respect.

"Now, throw everybody else outta here and start the show," he commanded. Jack obeyed with alacrity. He went from table to table informing his customers he was closing early and they would have to leave immediately. Luckily, no one put up an argument and everyone left without incident.

The entire episode was reminiscent of a low-budget gangster movie circa 1935, with Brown cast as Ed-

ward G. Robinson.

I saw Jewel Brown a few days later and kidded her about the $100 tip. I asked if she was on her way to Neiman-Marcus.

"I quit that motha," she said defiantly. "You know what he did after you all left that night? He lined up everybody who got a tip and wanted us to split with him. I told him I wasn't splittin' nothin' with nobody—and I quit."

Louis Armstrong was looking for a vocalist and Jewel got the job. She worked with Satchmo until he died some eight years later.

* * *

The tipping incident indicated that Ruby might be in financial straits. The Colony and Theatre Lounge, with their crowd-appealing strip shows were heavy competition. Even today, it's not surprising to see "Deep Throat" outdrawing family films. Ruby must have been tempted to turn his place into a burlesque house. But he was so determined to operate a "class joint" he continued to resist the siren call of the bump and grind.

"Bottoms Up" had just ended an unprecedented two-year run at the Adolphus. He offered Breck Wall and Joe Peterson, youthful producers of the revue, a 50-50 split at the box office if they would bring their show across the street.

"We were out of work and it was the only way we could keep the kids together," Peterson reminisced. "We did four weeks for Jack and didn't collect a dime. So Breck and I went up there one Saturday afternoon and asked for some money.

"He said he hadn't taken in enough to break even. We argued that the club seemed to be doing pretty good, and we both got angry. We started shouting at one another, and suddenly he hit me in the mouth. I fell down and spit out one of my front teeth. He threw Breck down the stairs and I went next.

"We thought about reporting him to the Guild, but decided to just pull the show and let it go at that. A couple of days later we ran into him on the street and he asked how things were going. I told him they were going to foreclose on our house if we didn't come up with $400.

"He asked us to get in his car and drove it to a used car lot. He got the guy to loan him $400 on the car and handed it over to us. Try to figure that out," he chuckled.

* * *

Without a show, Jack was forced to face facts. The strip joints were slowly running him out of business. He reluctantly decided to close the Sovereign "for remodeling," and reopen with a dazzling stripper. If the yokels want to play hookey from Sunday school and see bare asses, he'd give 'em one even the Weinsteins would pay money to see.

In New Orleans, the legendary jazz rooms in the heart of the Vieux Carre were being replaced by gaudy strip joints. The Dixieland bands with their distinctive two-beat tempo, were giving way albeit grudgingly, to the raucous pounding of bump and grind.

Jack discovered his star in a French Quarter bistro decorated in early bad taste. Her name was Jada.

The pixieish redhead was a convent-bred New Yorker who claimed her father was a leading television producer for Columbia Broadcasting System. Some class, huh?

Somewhere between the convent and Bourbon Street, Jada had shed a lot of her inhibitions. She did a savage, hard-core act which left little to the imagination. Jack signed her to a long-term contract starting at a reported $300 a week. It was approximately double that the dollar-wise Weinsteins paid their strippers.

* * *

Jack's remodeling job at the club renamed, The Carousel, involved the construction of *two* runways which jutted to the middle of the room. The extensions brought the girls closer to the entire audience and, in effect, made everyone in the room a ringsider. He made much of his double runways in his daily newspaper ads, and they were a conversation piece.

There's an old proverb in show business which states: You've gotta have a gimmick.

Jada's gimmick was a tigerskin rug, completed with stuffed head and bared fangs. She would lie on it while contorting in time to the music. As the drummer increased his tempo, she would caress, straddle and squat upon the tiger's balding skull until she experienced a screaming orgasm.

"That fucking tiger should have had it so good when he was alive," Ruby grinned.

He termed it "a class act."

While Jada proved a box office bonanza the first few weeks of her engagement, it was becoming obvious she wasn't the complete solution to Ruby's financial dilemma. The crafty Abe Weinstein had still another ace up his sleeve. He instituted a series of "amateur night" shows which attracted amazing crowds to the Colony. Female members of the audience were invited to come onstage and give impromptu strip performances!

These were oftentimes hilarious and even more erotic than the professional routines. Watching a girl come out of the crowd and disrobe inevitably brought down the house. Weinstein had a few shills standing by for protection and paid them about half the salary he gave his pros. Consequently, he could present four acts for the kind of money Jack was paying Jada—and he was drawing bigger crowds.

Jack was livid. He called the American Guild of Variety Artists local office and complained bitterly to its representative. He demanded that the Colony be placed on the Guild's unfair list because of the amateur talent involved. It was a valid complaint, but the underpaid rep wasn't about to tangle with Weinstein, whose club was a downtown landmark. Ruby flew to New York to take his complaint to AGVA's top brass at national headquarters. He couldn't get past the secretary, and returned home whipped and dejected.

He asked Jada to let him out of their contract but she remained intransigent. What followed was an undeclared war of nerves as the grudging respect he once held for his star turned to bitterness. He would wait for her to provide an opening. When it came, he would strike with fury. The schooling he received in those Chicago street corners would earn him a degree of sorts in Dallas.

When the battle erupted, and it was inevitable it would erupt, it involved an innocent bystander who was one of Hollywood's most respected talent scouts—the legendary Solly Biano of Warner Bros.

Biano had discovered some of Hollywood's most illustrious stars during his 30-year tenure at Warners. He was in Dallas seeking new faces and visited The Dallas News to renew an old acquaintance with John Rosenfield, the distinguished amusements editor for the paper. At Rosy's suggestion, I took Solly in tow that evening.

Following dinner, we ran into Breck Wall and Joe Peterson in the lobby of the Adolphus Hotel. Since I was planning to call it an evening, I asked them to show Biano the late spots. They were friendly with Jada and had settled their difference with Ruby, so they suggested The Carousel. Peterson alerted Jada that an important Hollywood scout was going to see her act and in return, was assured of a penultimate performance.

A few words of explanation here about the entertainment format Ruby had installed at The Carousel. As one could surmise from the initial meeting at Bob Will's Ranch House when he cavorted onstage in the cowboy outfit, Jack was a ham. He basked in the warmth of a spotlight. He was his own master of ceremonies. He offered a repertoire of stale jokes which he delivered in a surprisingly professional style. He combined the brashness of a Shecky Greene with the hutzpah of a Henny Youngman.

Jack's forte was a nightly auction. He raffled off live turkeys, hard-to-get Wilkinson razor blades and some inexpensive chinaware. The adrenalin flowed the moment he came bouncing onstage to a barrage of wisecracks from his friends in the audience. No matter how dejected Jack may have felt throughout the day, he became a complete extrovert the moment he stepped into the spotlight.

When he introduced his star, Jack groped woefully for those elusive descriptive adjectives. His ensuing malapropisms were oftentimes funnier than his jokes.

Aware of Biano's presence, he gave Jada an especially flattering and obsequious introduction, then streaked toward the back of the room to operate the spotlight.

The inflammable redhead was at the peak of her form. She gyrated and contorted with a fury which evoked an ovation from the crowd. She pounced upon the tigerskin and did her number perched atop the grinning skull.

As she wriggled seductively near Biano's table, she allowed her hand to dart quickly toward her spangled G-string. The movement was not wasted on the alert owner-cum-lightman. He turned up the houselights and let out a roar as he raced for the stage.

The audience was startled. Jada sat up in wide-eyed amazement, a look of incredulity masking her countenance.

"I accuse you of giving an indecent performance, shouted Ruby.

Pausing only a fraction of a second, he delivered the bomb.

"Our contract is now null and void!"

By this time, Jada was on her feet, eyeball-to-eyeball with the man who had destroyed her catacylsmic performance in front of a big Hollywood talent scout. Drawing herself up to her full 5-feet, 2-inches she screamed:

"You're out of your mother-fucking mind!"

Emotions in the audience ranged from abhorrence to hilarity.

One rotund celebrant expressed the majority opinion when he rose from his chair, knocked over a glass of bourbon and drawled:

"Let's get it on, hot damn."

* * *

Biano recalled the episode when we met recently at NBC in Burbank.

"I went back to the Adolphus and had just fallen asleep when a constable wearing one of those Texas hats knocked on the door and said he was taking me to Judge Richburg's night court. Jada was asking him to place Ruby under a peace bond, or something like that.

"They were standing toe-to-toe calling each other a lot of four-letter words when I arrived. It was the damndest court I'd ever seen. Richburg just smiled and told them to 'hush up.'

"I was asked if I had seen her give a lewd performance . . . had she pulled aside her G-string and exposed herself?

"I caught the movement of her hand down in that area, but I wasn't positive she had actually 'flashed.' "

Richburg ruled in Jada's favor.

Ruby, disillusioned in defeat, told Biano he had picked up his check at The Carousel and said it was a helluva way for his guest to show his appreciation.

"At that point," said Solly, "I just wanted to get the hell out of town."

* * *

An inveterate first-nighter, Jack was an "action guy" who possessed a grandiloquence for the theatrical. The downtown area was his turf and he prowled the all night coffee shops and hotels until dawn.

It probably accounted for his infatuation with celebrities. They, too, were night people who sought action in the wee hours. He envied their success—the limousines, tailored clothes, the respect he could never generate. Whenever I had occasion to host a celebrated personality, Jack had an almost psychic way of knowing where I would be having dinner. Invariably, he would manage to drop by for an introduction.

A case in point involved Bob Hope, who was a periodic visitor to Dallas. Familiar with his love of vaudeville, I once suggested we dine at the Cabana Hotel and catch Nick Lucas' act, since their friendship went back to that era.

"Tony" Zoppi interviews Melvin Belli, Ruby's attorney.

When we arrived, Ruby was sitting at an adjacent table and kept staring at Hope. I motioned him over to our table and introduced him. He immediately invited Bob to The Carousel as his guest.

The incident took only a few minutes, but so keen is Hope's recall, that he phoned me after the Oswald shooting and asked if, "the guy I met at the Cabana that night —isn't he Ruby?"

* * *

Jack's visits to the amusements office at The Dallas News offered innumerable surprises. On one occasion he would bring along a case of wheat germ to strengthen my fragile fingernails. Other times, there was a supply of Wilkinson blades or a set of knives he "picked up at a bargain." He offered to bring a twist board which was guaranteed to take inches off my ample waist. How about a pizza oven?

Other members of the staff wondered why I tolerated this Yankee loudmouth and his nervous giggle.

I referred to him as "a letter from home." I knew some poolroom characters back home in New Jersey who fit the Ruby mold. They too were high school dropouts forced to scrape and claw in search of a buck.

He was a generous person capable of amazing devotion to his friends and an almost psychopathic hate for his enemies.

When Bob Larkin, the bouncer at Abe's Club, was stabbed in a Saturday night brawl, Ruby almost beat the ambulance to the hospital. Larkin had worked for him briefly before moving over to Weinstein's place. Ordinarily, Jack would have been unforgiving, but Larkin was dying and didn't have any relatives he could call.

He smiled weakly when he saw Jack walking beside him.

"Listen you Irish son-of-a-bitch, you're going to live," Ruby growled. "Just don't quit on me, and remember I'm in your corner all the way."

Maybe Vince Lombardi said it differently. The result was the same. Larkin didn't quit.

* * *

Jack Ruby came by my office the Tuesday prior to President Kennedy's arrival in Dallas. He gave me a photo of Bill DeMar, an alleged ESP expert who would later claim that Oswald was in The Carousel a few nights prior to the assassination.

Jack asked me to run the picture in my column and I told him I would do my best. He returned that fateful Friday morning and I regretted to inform him I had no space for the photo. He said he was on his way to the advertising department and would run the picture in his ad.

As we walked to the elevator, he informed me of his plan to move into a new apartment at swanky 21 Turtle Creek—a far more affluent neighborhood than his digs in Oak Cliff. When I asked how he could afford Turtle Creek, he replied:

"I've scrimped all my life. Now I want to live a little."

Those were the last words he spoke to me as a free man.

The insinuations that Jack may have been involved in some kind of a conspiracy to kill the president are ludicrous. I knew him as well as anyone, and he would have been a mental case if something of that magnitude had been brewing that Friday morning.

Jack literally idolized the president. The urbane Bostonian symbolized all that Ruby ever dreamed of becoming.

And man, he had class.

* * *

Others saw a connection between his trip to Cuba and Oswald's championing of the Fair Play For Cuba committee. I was largely responsible for Jack being in Cuba, and I'll explain.

I was a frequent visitor to Las Vegas at the invitation of the various hotels, and wrote numerous columns about their shows. Jack had a good friend named Lewis McWillie who was a casino executive at the Tropicana in Havana. He asked McWillie if he would like me to fly to Cuba and do a story on the Tropicana's show. Lew agreed and said he would send a pair of plane tickets.

The date was set for December 17, 1960.

By coincidence, I received a call from Jack Entratter at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas inviting me to "the summit meeting"—an unprecedented show featuring Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis, Joey Bishop and Peter Lawford.

I called Ruby and told him I would have to postpone the trip to Cuba until early January because I wanted to see the Sands show. He said he would depart as scheduled and see me in Havana "right after the first of the year."

Castro invaded Havana on New Year's day.

* * *

Both Dallas newspapers printed strong editorials urging the populace to treat the Kennedys with respect. A month prior to their scheduled arrival, Adlai Stevenson had been spat upon and hit with a placard following a speech he delivered at the convention center. On another occasion, Lady Bird and Lyndon Johnson had been jostled and harrassed by a mob as they walked to the Adolphus.

But Big D gave Jack and Jackie a tumultuous welcome that sunny November day. Crowds lined the downtown streets 10 deep and cheered the blue limousine's distinguished passengers—Gov. John Connally and his wife Nellie on the jump seats, and the Kennedys beaming radiantly behind them.

"You can't say they don't love you in Dallas, Mr. President," said Mrs. Connally as she turned toward the chief executive, who nodded in reply.

Then, as he waved to a group of young ladies who shouted to him to "give us a smile," the first bullet tore through his back and out his neck.

* * *

Ruby, like almost everyone in Dallas, spent the ensuing 48 hours fluctuating between shock and outrage. He went to city hall (to be where the action was) and became cought up in the excitement of television lights, the sight of Oswald walking only an arm's length away, the shouted inquiries of the newsmen and the satisfaction of being recognized by an occasional cop or radio reporter.

He attended a news conference Chief Jesse Curry arranged with Oswald in hopes of quieting the incessant demands of the press who were hinting he was undergoing physical beatings.

As it drew to a close, he escorted District Attorney Henry Wade to a nearby phone and arranged for him to be interviewed by Russ Knight at KLIF. The station was owned by Gordon McLendon, the man Jack admired most in Dallas.

The city itself, was on an emotional binge. I was called to the phone at all hours of the night by newsmen in other cities who wanted to know "what happened down there."

Sunday morning was a beautiful November day in Big D. I went to the office, making it a point to drive by the Book Depository and the county jail across the street. The grassy knoll around Dealey Plaza was covered with flowers and the sight-seekers were showing up en masse.

I had just started to write when Jada called and asked me to meet her in the coffee shop across the street.

"I'm leaving Dallas," she said matter-of-factly. "I'm on my way to Hot Springs."

Jack would be pleased with that news. It meant he was out of the contract. As we walked to her overloaded gold Cadillac, we could see the huge crowd forming in front of the county jail—Lee Oswald would be transferred there at any moment.

Returning to The Dallas News, I called Tony Papa at Associated Booking and told him about the crowds.

"They should have transferred him during the night," he said. "Some idiot is liable to take a shot at him in broad daylight."

Almost simultaneously, a city-side reporter rushed in and shouted:

"Your friend Jack Ruby just shot Oswald."

* * *

The battery of cameras and the radio microphones which made a snake pit of the third floor at city hall turned in my direction as a reporter shouted:

"You knew Jack Ruby."

I had hardly stepped from the elevator and already they surrounded me and were shouting their questions. Two weeks earlier I had been in Las Vegas to attend the premiere of "Guys and Dolls" at the Dunes Hotel.

"What kind of a guy was he?" someone asked.

I grew pensive for a moment, then replied:

"A Damon Runyon character. If you saw 'Guys and Dolls,' he could have been the guy Runyon had in mind when he created Nathan Detroit.

"And he was obsessed with the word 'class.' It probably explains his love for the president. If someone suggested that Oswald should be killed—and a lot of people were saying exactly that—Jack was the guy who could wade right in."

A reporter asked if Ruby was "capable" of shooting Lee Oswald.

"He did it, didn't he?" I replied. It sounded like a stupid question.

Ed Sullivan was calling from The New York Daily News before the interview had ended.

"Anthony," he said in that familiar, pontifical voice. "That's an interesting story. I'm putting my secretary on the line and I'd like you to write tomorrow's column for me. Tell her everything you know about Jack Ruby. Go!"

Before he hung up, Ed added a bizarre note of humor to the tragedy.

"They interviewed a fellow named Bill DeMar who works in Ruby's club. He does an ESP act, and claims he saw Oswald in the club a week or so ago," he informed.

"I'd bet anything it's a publicity gimmick," I replied.

"Well, check it out for me," he said cautiously, "and if there's anything to it, find out if he would be available to do my television show next Sunday night."

No wonder Sullivan had the hottest show on TV.

* * *

I tried to secure permission to visit Jack's cell but the request was denied. His sister Eva came down from the jail a while later and saw me in the crowd of reporters. She rushed over and threw her arms around me.

"You are his friend," she sobbed.

"You know it," I blurted.

Eva asked me to accompany her across the street to Tom Howard's unpretentious law office, and I went. Tom had his feet up on his desk, Stetson pushed back on his head and puffed a big cigar. The phone rang incessantly—some of the calls coming from top members of the legal profession who were offering their assistance. One call in particular is fresh in my mind.

Jake Erlich, one of the most distinguished trial lawyers in the West, was on the line.

"That was Jake Erlich calling from San Francisco," Howard beamed. "Told him we wouldn't be needin' him. Mighty nice of him to call."

Eva, who could never be accused of diplomacy in any situation, said she felt Jack needed a "big" lawyer. She asked if I had any recommendations.

It was an embarrassing question with Tom Howard sitting there turning down people like Jake Erlich, but a life was at stake so I felt indebted to give an honest reply.

"I'd ask Charlie Tessmer," I said flatly. "He's the best criminal lawyer in Dallas."

Tom blew a cloud of smoke clear up to the ceiling.

When Mel Belli came into the case, Howard took a walk. He was one of the first of the original principals to die.

Jada called from Texarkana moments after I returned to my office. She had heard the news on her car radio and was debating a return to Dallas.

"Do you think I could get some publicity?" she asked frankly.

I told her there were more than 300 reporters in town, and when she told me she definitely planned to return, I urged her to take it easy on Ruby.

"He's in big trouble," I noted.

"I wouldn't do anything to hurt him now," she agreed. "I just want a story which will help me get work."

So imagine my surprise the next morning when I picked up a paper and read the headline:

" 'They Should Fry Ruby,' Says Jada."

"I was only kidding," she told me when I called to ask about her promise. "I didn't think they'd print something like that."

I accused her of a weird sense of humor, and she flew into a rage.

"Nobody likes me," she screamed. "People are cruel to me all the time."

I hung up.

Several years later, when I became associated with the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas, she called from San Francisco. She said she had just done a year in prison.

Case closed.

About a week after the shooting, I was having lunch at the King's Club and I was called to the phone. The waiter said someone named "George" was calling. I immediately knew it was Jack, because his favorite expression, when I inquired about his health or his business, was "Everything's George."

He was calling from the pay phone outside his cell—obviously with the FBI's blessing. I later heard they encouraged him to make the calls and even provided him with handfuls of coins. Almost everyone who received a call from Jack could count on a visit from the FBI within 24 hours. The phone was undoubtedly bugged.

We chatted in generalities for nearly an hour before I decided—bug or no bug—I was going to ask the question on everyone's mind. I prefaced it with a promise that I wouldn't print his reply in the newspaper. Then I asked:

"Just why in the hell did you do it, Jack?"

His voice grew hoarse and the familiar lisp became more pronounced.

"Those poor kids . . . left without a father at their age," he stammered. "'I know what it's like to lose a father when you're a kid. I saw a letter in the newspaper that morning that a little girl in Dallas wrote to Caroline. She told her how sorry she was that her Daddy had died . . . it tore me apart."

We returned to generalities for a few minutes, then he broke into a sob.

". . . and Jackie," he cried. "I wanted to save her the trouble and embarrassment of coming back here for the ordeal of a trial . . . such a lady."

He mentioned the approaching Christmas season and the ensuing holidays.

"I never told many people about this, Tony, but every Christmas I used to bring presents to all the kids in that Catholic orphanage in Oak Cliff. I even brought gifts to the wonderful nuns who run the home. Now Christmas is coming again and who's going to take them presents this year?"

It was a side of Ruby I never knew.

* * *

The conversation inevitably got back to Oswald. We had both seen him up close at city hall as he walked from the door leading to the cellblock, down to Capt. Will Fritz's office for interrogation.

He sneered at the reporters who lined the hallway shouting questions in his direction.

"Did you kill the president, Lee?" they'd yell.

No reply.

On one occasion he grabbed a microphone and urged anyone within hearing distance to contact John Abt, a New York attorney. If Abt got the message, he never bothered to reply.

It was becoming obvious we'd have to end the conversation.

"Anything else, Jack?" I asked.

"Yeah," he replied with composure. "I wanted to show there was one Jew with some balls."

It should have been his epitaph. □

FCI inmate's part in Hoffa trial replayed in 'Blood Feud'

FWST 4-27-83

By ANNE REIFENBERG
Star-Telegram Writer

When the television miniseries *Blood Feud* airs this week, Edward Grady Partin will be hunkered down in front of a set far from home. He will be watching a portrayal of himself, and it will be favorable.

He will be a hero. An actor will sweat, as Partin did, through a two-day lie detector exam given to verify Partin's claims that International Brotherhood of Teamsters President Jimmy Hoffa was plotting the assassinations, by plastic explosives, of Attorney General Robert Kennedy and his children.

The actor will make near daily reports, as Partin did, to a Justice Department official during Hoffa's conspiracy trial in Nashville, even while serving as Hoffa's bodyguard and confidant.

The actor will take the witness stand, as Partin did, and knock the foundation out from under Hoffa's defense against charges he conspired to rig the jury that ended in a deadlock in Nashville.

The series, subtitled *Kennedy vs. Hoffa*, is to be aired on Channel 11 beginning Wednesday. The actor, Brian Dennehy, is in Helsinki filming *Gorky Park*. Kennedy is dead. Hoffa is presumed to be dead. And Partin is serving an eight-year term for attempted obstruction of justice at the Federal Correctional Institution in Fort Worth.

"If you do your job right, there's a chance you're going to end up behind bars," says Partin, for nearly 30 years the leader of Teamsters Local 5 in Baton Rouge. "It's one of the pitfalls of being a labor leader."

And, he suspects, one of the pitfalls of turning on Jimmy Hoffa.

It has been 19 years since Partin stunned the leader of the world's largest labor union with his testimony, 17 years since Hoffa began serving a 13-year term for jury tampering and mail fraud, 12 years since President Nixon signed an executive clemency order commuting Hoffa's sentence, eight years since Hoffa disappeared.

His body has never been found. It has been alternately rumored to be buried in a New Jersey landfill, weighted and sunk into an ocean or lake or shredded, compacted and incinerated somewhere in the gangster netherworld.

Partin says it doesn't matter where Hoffa's final resting place might be, or even whether he's dead — Jimmy Hoffa sought his revenge, and found it.

"They say he's dead," says Partin, carrying with him, as always, a passel of loose papers and magazine clippings. "I don't know whether he is or not. But he still has a lot of debts owed to him . . . (by) political people in the government. And all they wanted was to be able to say, 'I got the man who got Hoffa.'

"I lived through hell. I'm doing time because of the Hoffa trial."

AT 59, HE IS just one of the boys and girls at FCI Fort Worth. That his name is prominent in two books on Hoffa is of little consequence. That his character plays a significant role in the second half of *Blood Feud* makes small difference. That television stations and newspapers in Louisiana have clamored for interviews is unremarkable.

FCI Fort Worth inmates are used to his kind. He is just one of the host of celebrity criminals and white-collar crooks who have called the minimum-security prison home. Mundane bank robbers and dope pushers don't bat an eye when he or county commissioners from the Oklahoma road kickback scandal or defendants in the U.S. District Judge John H. Wood Jr. murder case or doctors or lawyers or bankers appear among them.

"You're treated like you act here," says Partin, who works in the prison garage. "You all get the same treatment. I don't ask for any special treatment. I don't get any."

He has come a long way from Chattanooga and 1964.

Partin, over heated objections from shocked defense lawyers, was a stellar government witness at Hoffa's trial that year on charges of jury tampering. He had been in cahoots with the Justice Department for two years, from the time he contacted authorities from the jail cell where he was being held on a kidnapping charge and told them Hoffa wanted Bobby Kennedy "out of the way" and wouldn't mind taking Kennedy's children with him.

Partin remembers the conversation with Hoffa, which will be played out in *Blood Feud* with the U.S. Capitol as a backdrop: "I told him, 'You want to kill Bobby Kennedy, that's between you and him, but by God, don't kill the kids. They aren't responsible.' I fell out with him over that. We had a conflict, I guess of what you'd call philosophy."

The falling out, actually spurred in the early 1960s when Hoffa and Partin disagreed over the nature and length of bloody strikes in Louisiana and the independent path Local 5 was heading down, cleared the way for Partin, a boy from the Mississippi hills and Teamsters man since 1948, to become a government informant without too much tugging at his conscience.

He says he told Bobby Kennedy during their first meeting, "I think you're an S.O.B.," but worked for him anyway. He took a beating on the witness stand during cross-examination during the jury tampering trial for his own criminal record. He feared for his life.

"It was a violent world. I've been shot twice, I've been cut all to pieces. I thought Hoffa had it done."

But he fooled Hoffa and his cronies. That success story will be played out in the $4 million, four-hour *Blood Feud*, produced by Selznick/Glickman Productions through 20th Century-Fox and syndicated by Operation Prime Time.

But *Blood Feud* ends in 1967.

Partin was tried five times after 1967, the year Hoffa went to prison. Some friends and family believe it was no coincidence that he was first indicted after Nixon's election — that it was no coincidence that he was indicted after everyone from reputed Mafia boss Carlos Marcello to actor Audie Murphy approached him to try to convince him to recant his testimony against Hoffa.

There were mistrials and acquittals. He was tried in Atlanta, Houston, Shreveport, Butte and Billings, defended on two occasions by James Neal, one of the lawyers who prosecuted Hoffa.

He was finally convicted of the charge he attempted to pursuade a potential witness not to testify before a grand jury investigating claims Partin threatened a government witness in a price-fixing case.

The sentence was eight years in prison, the same handed to Hoffa after the trial at which Partin testified. Partin sees some irony in that.

But much as he might blame Hoffa's political friends for his woes, Partin takes his punishment in stride. He looks forward to a possible October 1984 release. He is not surprised when he is called before a current federal grand jury in Baton Rouge — it is, at this point in his life, expected.

He is philosophical, and when he watches the actor's portrayal on television, it will be as though he is watching ancient history. The hero is the old Ed Partin. The new one is a convict who will have to watch *Blood Feud* on a community television set.

"I got my day in court," he says with a shrug. "I lost. I have to believe they were right."

DMN 4-22-83

Carlos Marcello given guard

Associated Press

NEW ORLEANS — Because of death threats, reputed Mafia godfather Carlos Marcello, 73, now has a deputy U.S. marshal as a bodyguard in his New Orleans jail cell. U.S. Atty. John Volz ordered the 24-hour guard. He would not say how or when the death threats were received or whether an investigation was under way. Marcello was jailed April 15 after the government claimed that he planned to skip the country to avoid serving a 7-year prison sentence for racketeering.

Panel unveils plan for JFK museum

DMN 4-20-83

By Laura Miller
Staff Writer of The News

Plans are in the works to give the 100,000 tourists who gawk at the red-brick Texas School Book Depository each year something to do besides stand in the middle of Elm Street.

On Tuesday — seven months before the 20th anniversary of John F. Kennedy's assassination — small-scale models of a $3 million Kennedy-assassination museum were unveiled in that very building before Dallas County commissioners by the Dallas County Historical Commission.

The museum, expected to be completed in 1985, will take up the sixth floor of the old school book depository, now the Dallas County Administration Building. Lee Harvey Oswald is believed to have shot Kennedy from a corner window on that floor, which has been vacant ever since.

Architect James Hendricks has designed a separate elevator tower to be built at the northeast corner of the building. A ticket booth and gift shop are planned for the base of the tower, which will be connected to the main building at the sixth floor.

Only the bottom two floors of the 7-story building, built in 1901, are in use today. They were transformed several years ago into the chambers and administrative offices of the county commissioners.

Today the top floors are under lock and key — there are only two keys in existence. The handful of special visitors allowed past the second floor must climb a decrepit back stairway. Tourists, most of them disgruntled by the lack of access, are turned away.

The sixth floor is empty except for some musty items randomly stashed for possible use in a museum someday. They include the building's original glass front door, a concrete building-name marker used in a television documentary and some of the cabinets and benches from the original 2nd-floor cafeteria.

The cafeteria will be reconstructed on the 6th floor, with a life-size dummy of Oswald to be placed in its center. The cafeteria was the only place Oswald was seen just after the assassination and before his capture.

The museum will use a wide range of media to chronicle the events of November 22, 1963, and their aftermath. They include four television-type showings of films of the assassination, the events of the next 48 hours and the FBI's 1964 recreation of the assassination and Kennedy's Texas trip.

Two mini-theaters on the floor will show films, yet to be pieced together, of national and world reaction to the assassination.

Radio news bulletins from Nov. 22, 1963, will be played. Dozens of still photos and a large model of Dealey Plaza and the presidential car route will be on display.

"People will undoubtedly leave in a very somber mood, but it will give people something to think about," said Shirley Caldwell, new chairman of the historical commission, which started planning the project in 1977.

Some artifacts have been donated to the museum from a nearby private museum on the Kennedy assassination that closed in January 1982.

BRIEFS....Sorry for the delay - I've taken a new job with the local cable tv company and spare time has been hard to find; the next issue will be delayed, too, but not as much....ABC's 20/20 aired a lengthy interview with Hinckley's parents: she was watching tv when a Washington Post reporter called and said her son was a suspect; that means the call was within 75 minutes of the shooting! She refused an interview and hung up to call her husband, but the line was dead (shades of Washington, DC on 11-22-63?).... Syndicated tv show Lie Detector has James Earl Ray on program #71 (I missed the local showing, but will run a transcript if I catch the rerun)....The Sturgis transcript will appear next issue....Congrats to Mark Allen on his FOIA win over the CIA, and regrets to Harold Weisberg on his temporary setback....While many tv specials on JFK are scheduled for November, none are known to be strictly about the assassination and aftermath; NBC News considered, then dropped, that idea, but ABC News may cover it as part of its 3-hour documentary; CBS News has had an hour doc "in the can" since early 1979, so it may finally get shown (remember, BS is part of their name)....What promises to be one of the best books ever is being written for Reader's Digest by Henry Hurt; publishing date is now February 1984, and many prominent researchers are assisting....David Lifton is still working on his followup, and Robert Cutler is doing another book....Cutler received a worthless reply from Charles Harrelson - he did say former DMN reporter Chuck Cook is a liar, but didn't explain....ABC News correspondent Bob Sirkin, who did many good assassination stories while in Dallas at WFAA-TV, has been transfered from Atlanta to London; it's a good career move for Bob, but a media loss for us (unless a JFK story breaks in England or Europe)....Not much in the papers about MLK and nothing about the assassination on the 15th anniversary - very sad.

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